

A MODERN
ENGLISH
LITERATURE
COURSE

现代英国文学教程

● 赵太和 编
● 北京师范大学出版社

A Modern English Literature Course

现代英国文学教程

赵太和 编

*

北京师范大学出版社出版

新华书店总店科技发行所发行

人民交通出版社印刷厂印刷

开本：850×1168 1/32 印张：11.25 字数：275千

1990年8月第1版

1990年8月第1次印刷

印数：1—3000

ISBN 7-303-00983-3/I·61

定价：2.60元

内 容 简 介

本书是为各类高等师范院校英语专业学生学习现代英国文学而编写的。它编选了几乎所有重要现代英国作家的名作名篇之精华,使读者能在最短的时间里体味到大家手笔的艺术特色。为了把文学与语言的教学有机地结合起来,书中大多精选了那些能体现英语语言的趣味及表达法的章节。本书的注释是在教学实践的基础上完成的,这对于参加高等自学考试的学生及具有同等水平的自学者学习和欣赏现代英国文学有着很大的参考价值。

Preface

This book is intended as a textbook on modern English literature. It is especially designed for senior English-majors in teacher training institutions. The extracts come from a wide range of sources. Nearly all the great modern English writers are presented in typical, and, it is hoped, enjoyable passages. In addition to present literature as literature itself this coursebook is also designed to acquaint students with all kinds of interesting ways in which the English language has been used. There is an introduction to each piece, which explains the background to it and any difficult allusions in it. The questions at the end of each piece have been very carefully prepared as aids to guide the student through the piece step by step, to help him understand its meaning fully and appreciate its literary qualities. The extracts range in time from the earliest works of modern English literature to the twentieth. Virtually every important English writer has been included.

Most of the texts have been tested out in the classrooms, and proved successful with the students. And, as always, the writer learns from teaching the books themselves, and from the comments of our foreign experts who use the texts in their own classrooms. Furthermore, in devising this book we also benefited from some especially solicited professors and English specialists.

Notes on difficult words and phrases are provided at

the end of each piece. These explain words, phrases and constructions which the student could not easily understand by simply referring to ordinary dictionaries. In these notes the following abbreviations are used:

L means 'a literary way of saying'

O means 'an old-fashioned way of saying'

P means 'a poetic way of saying'

V means 'a vulgar (low-class, or not standard) way of saying'.

ff means 'following'

Finally a word about my debts: those who have helped me most in the compiling of this series of books are my past and present students, who have, without realising it, provided me with much of the material used here. I am also grateful to Dr. Paul Dresman for his close reading of the final draft of the book and his many suggestions for improvements. I am especially indebted to the work of Thamos O'Kelly who has done more than any others to make available and accessible the most recent publications on English literature. My special thanks go to Professor Rawlinson who read the many manuscript drafts with enormous care and made many valuable suggestions.

Zhao Taihe

Contents

Preface	1
1 Jane Austen	1
Gathering in the Abbey	
2 Percy Bysshe Shelly	8
Three Poems by Shelly	
3 Makepeace Thakeray	18
A Quarrel at Lord Castlewood's	
4 George Eliot	28
The Family Council	
5 Matthew Arnold	40
New Lights	
6 Joseph Conrad	47
Morning in the East	
7 E.M.Forster	54
Anglo-India	
8 Lord Byron	61
Byron at Thirty	
9 D. H. Lawrence	66
The Night of the Birth	
10 George Bernard Shaw	81
Saint Joan and Captain Robert	
11 James Joyce	92
The Boarding House	
12 Samuel Taylor Coleridge	106
Kubla Khan	

13	Emily Brontë	117
	The Hand at the Window	
14	John Keats	129
	Three Poems by Keats	
15	Charles Dickens	144
	Pip Goes Home	
16	William Blake.....	150
	Nine Poems by William Blake	
17	William Wordsworth	161
	Tintern Abbey	
18	Samuel Butler	172
	Topsy-Furvy Land	
19	Henry James	183
	Living with Aunt Maud	
20	Thomas Hardy	195
	The Labourer in Weydon Countryside	
21	W. B. Yeats	225
	Three Poems by W. B. Yeats	
22	Oscar Wilde.....	243
	The Importance of Being Earnest	
23	Rudyard Kipling.....	266
	Cupid's Arrows	
24	T.S. Eliot	276
	The Waste Land	
25	William Golding.....	323
	The Sound of the Shell	

Gathering in the Abbey

(Jane Austen (1775-1817) was the first great English woman writer, and her wit and intelligence make her as popular today as ever. This passage is from her novel Northanger Abbey (written in 1797, but not published until after her death in 1818). It is partly a satire on a kind of novel in Jane Austen's time, stories in which young girls have all sorts of frightening adventures with ghosts and other terrors before being united with their lovers. The heroine of Northanger Abbey, Catherine Morland, is a rather silly girl who likes reading those books, and when she goes to stay with the family of the young man she is going to marry, she fears—and also perhaps hopes—that she is going to find some such mystery in their old house. She is still immature in placing her curiosity above her host's wishes and those expected of a guest. She has a certain quickness of wit, but is overcome by the superstitious fears of her reading tales of mystery of horrors. But as we see at the end of this piece, she is wrong.

Northanger Abbey is a novel of character, intended to show the development of the mind and character of Catherine, the chief aim of the story. Incidents such as this being described in this piece are more numerous than characters, and they are of importance in adding interest and marking stages in the story of Catherine. The state in which Catherine finds herself is her mentality, which is a part of her

character.

The night was stormy; the wind had been rising at intervals the whole afternoon; and by the time the party broke up, it blew and rained violently. Catherine, as she crossed the hall, listened to the tempest with sensations of awe; and, when she heard it rage round a corner of the ancient building and close with sudden fury a distant door, felt for the first time that she was really in an Abbey. Yes, these were characteristic sounds; they brought to her recollection a countless variety of dreadful situations and horrid scenes, which such buildings had witnessed, and such storms ushered in; and most heartily did she rejoice in the happier circumstances attending her entrance within walls so solemn! *She* had nothing to dread from midnight assassins or drunken gallants. In a house so furnished, and so guarded, she could have nothing to explore or to suffer; and might go to her bedroom as securely as if it had been her own chamber at Fullerton. Thus wisely fortifying her mind, as she proceeded up stairs, she was enabled, especially on perceiving that Miss Tinley slept only two doors from her, to enter her room with a tolerably stout¹ heart; and her spirits were immediately assisted by the cheerful blaze of a wood fire. 'How much better is this,' said she, as she walked to the fender--'how much better to find a fire ready lit, than to have to wait shivering in the cold till all the family are in bed, as so many poor girls have been obliged to do, and then to have a faithful old servant frightening one by coming in

with a faggot! How glad I am that Northanger is what it is! If it had been like some other places I do not know that, in such a night as this, I could have answered for² my courage: but now, to be sure, there is nothing to alarm one.'

She looked round the room. The window curtains seemed in motion. It could be nothing but the violence of the wind penetrating through the divisions of the shutters; and she stept³ boldly forward, carelessly humming a tune, to assure herself of its being so, peeped courageously behind each curtain, saw nothing on either low window to scare her, and on placing a hand against the shutter, felt the strongest conviction of the wind's force. A glance at the old chest, as she turned away from this examination, was not without its use; she scorned the causeless fears of an idle fancy, and began with a most happy indifference to prepare herself for bed.'She should take her time; she should not hurry herself; she did not care if she were the last person up in the house. But she would not make up her fire; *that* would seem cowardly, as if she wished for the protection of light after she were in bed.' The fire therefore died away, and Catherine, having spent the best part of an hour in her arrangements, was beginning to think of stepping into bed, when, on giving a parting glance round the room, she was struck by the appearance of a high, old-fashioned black cabinet, which, though in a situation conspicuous enough, had never caught her notice before. She took her candle and looked closely at it. It was not absolutely ebony and gold; but it was Japan, black and yellow Japan⁴ of the hand-

somest kind; and as she held her candle, the yellow had very much the effect of gold. The key was in the door, and she had a strange fancy to look into it; not however with the smallest expectation of finding any thing. However, she could not sleep till she had examined it. So, placing the candle with great caution on a chair, she seized the key with a very tremulous hand and tried to turn it; but it resisted her utmost strength. Alarmed, but not discouraged, she tried it another way; a bolt flew⁵, and she believed herself successful; but how strangely mysterious! the door was still immovable. She paused a moment in breathless wonder. The wind roared down the chimney, the rain beat in torrents against the windows, and every thing seemed to speak the awfulness of the situation. To retire to bed, however, unsatisfied on such a point, would be vain, since sleep must be impossible with the consciousness of a cabinet so mysteriously closed in her immediate vicinity. Again therefore she applied herself to the key, and after moving it in every possible way for some instants with the determined celerity of hope's last effort, the door suddenly yielded to her hand; her heart leaped with exultation at such a victory, and having thrown open each folding door, the second being secured only by bolts of less wonderful construction than the lock, though in that her eye could not discern any thing unusual, a double range of small drawers appeared in view, with some larger drawers above and below them; and in the centre, a small door, closed also with a lock and key, secured in all probability a cavity of importance.

Catherine's heart beat quick, but her courage did not fail her. With a cheek flushed by hope, and an eye straining with curiosity, her fingers grasped the handle of a drawer and drew it forth. It was entirely empty. With less alarm and greater eagerness she seized a second, a third, a fourth; each was equally empty. Not one was left unsearched, and not in one was any thing found. Well read in the art of concealing a treasure, the possibility of false linings to the drawers did not escape her, and she felt round each with anxious acuteness in vain. The place in the middle alone remained now unexplored; and though she had never from the first had the smallest idea of finding any thing in any part of the cabinet, and was not in the least disappointed at her ill success⁶ thus far, it would be foolish not to examine it thoroughly while she was about it⁷. It was some time before she could unfasten the door, the same difficulty occurring in the management of this inner lock as of the outer; but at length it did open; and not vain, as hitherto, was her search; her quick eyes directly fell on a roll of paper pushed back into the further part of the cavity, apparently for concealment, and her feelings at that moment were indescribable. Her heart fluttered, her knees trembled, and her cheeks grew pale. She seized, with an unsteady hand, the precious manuscript, for half a glance sufficed to ascertain written characters⁸; and resolved instantly to peruse every line before she attempted to rest.

Her greedy eye glanced rapidly over a page. She started at its import.⁹ Could it be possible, or did not her senses play

her false¹⁰? An inventory of linen . in coarse and modern characters, seemed all that was before her! If the evidence of sight might be trusted, she held a washing-bill in her hand. She seized another sheet, and saw the same articles with little variation; a third, a fourth, and a fifth presented nothing new. Shirts, stockings, cravats and waistcoats faced her in each. Two others, penned by the same hand, marked an expenditure scarcely more interesting, in letters, hair-powder, shoe-string and breeches-ball.¹¹ And the larger sheet, which had inclosed the rest, seemed by its first cramp¹² line, 'To poultice chestnut mare', a farrier's bill. She felt humbled to the dust.

NOTES 1 . stout: brave

2 . answered for: guaranteed

3 . stept: stepped(O)

4 . Japan: a kind of fine varnish

5 . flew: opened suddenly

6 . ill success: lack of success

7 . while she was about it: now that she had begun

8 . characters: letters of the alphabet

9 . import: meaning ; significance

10 . play her false: cheat her

11 . breeches-ball: a ball made of a special cleaning material
which was used for cleaning breeches

12 . cramp: cramped; written in a small space, with letters
close together

QUESTIONS

- 1 In the first paragraph, we are told of certain things that slightly frightened Catherine, and certain things that make her feel less frightened. List these.
- 2 What do you imagine that Catherine fears when the window curtains move? Why does she hum a tune when she looks behind the curtains?
- 3 Why does she not make up her fire, but let it die away?
- 4 Why does she look in the black cabinet?
- 5 Why is it that her heart flutters, her knees tremble and her cheeks grow pale when she sees the roll of paper in the cavity?
- 6 Why did she feel 'humbled to the dust' (last line)?
- 7 Catherine discovers, at the end of the piece, the folly of the nonsense with which her head is filled; her fancies end in laundry bills. In reading this episode the reader is anxious to follow. What is the source of interest? Where does the humour lie?

Three Poems by Shelly

(Shelley was a precocious child of rebellious tendencies who, as a youth, was much influenced by the writings of William Godwin and Thomas Payne. These beliefs are the motivation for Shelley's first works, including a pamphlet on atheism, proposals for social reform, and the early poem "Queen Mab.")

Shelley married William Godwin's daughter, Mary, whose mother was the renown English writer Mary Woolstōmcraft—the first champion for the rights of women. Mary Shelley later wrote the famous gothic novel Frankenstein. In his wanderings on the continent with Mary, Shelley wrote such poems as "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty" (partly about his childhood) and "Mount Blanc"—a meditation on the cosmic embodiments of nature. It was also during sojourns in Italy, where Shelley died in a sailing accident in 1822, that he wrote Stanzas Written in Dejection Near Naples", "England in 1819," and the magnificent "Ode to the West Wind," a poem written in a terza rima scheme derived from the Italian poet Dante.

Shelley's early beliefs were never relinquished and provided the basis for such late poems as "The Mask of Anarchy"—a protest about the massacre of workers attempting to organize themselves at Peterloo Green in Manchester, England, the world's first industrial city.

Shelly was one of that group of early nineteen-century

romantic poets—himself, Keats and Byron. Though born into an upper-class family, he was a rebel in religion, politics and morality. He hated the ruling classes and the Church, and wrote passionately in praise of freedom. He was much influenced, like Byron, by the ideals of the French revolution. He is best known for his poetry of longing and grief. Here are some good examples.)

Love's Philosophy

The fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the Ocean,
The winds of Heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine¹
In one spirit meet and mingle.
Why not I with thine?—

See the mountains kiss high Heaven
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What is all this sweet work worth
If thou kiss not²me?

A Lament

O world! O life! O time!
On whose last steps I climb.
Trembling at that where¹ had stood before;
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more—Oh, never more!
Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight²;
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar³,
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more—Oh, never more!

Ode to the West Wind

I

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing.

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic¹ red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest² to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring³ shall blow

Her clarion⁴, o'er the dreaming earth, and fill